THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Articles on Europe
Missionary Letters

Published monthly except July and August
by the
AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

VOLUME XX
NUMBER 4

APRIL
1939

"Underneath are the Everlasting Arms"

Deut. 33:27.

"None shall be weary." Isaiah 5:27

His arms for my tiredness,
His shoulder to bear,
His strength for my weakness,
His peace for my care.
His joy in my sadness,
His good for my ill,
Oh, blessed abiding
In His blessed will.

— *Maud Howe*

American-European Fellowship

FOR CHRISTIAN ONENESS AND EVANGELIZATION

Fellowship	*Christian Oneness*	*Evangelization*
I John 1:3	John 17:21—23	Romans 10:13—15 Matt. 28:19

Continuing the Russia Evangelization Society and Christian Testimony to Jews

Room 435, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Cable Address: "Interbiblo" New York City

Objects

1. To encourage oneness of all true believers at home and abroad.
2. To co-operate with reliable agencies for the spread of the gospel in Europe.
3. To give material relief in times of emergency.
4. To distribute the Scriptures and other gospel literature.
5. To encourage definite evangelization among the millions in Europe yet without the gospel.
6. To support evangelists and workers as the Lord makes it possible.

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The EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

Published monthly (except July and August) by the American-European Fellowship for Christian Oneness and Evangelization

156 Fifth Avenue **New York, N. Y.**

Volume XX No. 4 — ARNO C. GAEBELEIN, D.D., *Editor* NORMAN J. SMITH, *Managing Editor* — APRIL 1939

Devoted to Missionary Support, Evangelization, Bible Distribution and Relief Work in Europe

This magazine is not backed by any church organization or religious denomination. It is published solely to spread missionary information concerning Central and Eastern Europe and to provide spiritual food for its readers. Christian friends subscribing for it help to make it more nearly self-supporting and thus aid the work in general. Prompt renewal of your subscription when it expires will be appreciated.

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We shall be thankful for names and addresses of Christian friends, to whom we may send sample copies of the magazine. We appreciate your sympathetic co-operation with us

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One dollar a year in advance. Canada and foreign, $1.25. We request Canadian and Foreign subscribers to remit in U. S. Money Value.

Colonel E. N. Sanctuary, *Treasurer*, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second class matter December 23, 1937, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of February 28, 1925. Subscription price, $1.00 per year. Canada and Foreign, $1.25.

MISSIONARY MEETS RABBI

Brother Miller Gives His Testimony to a Jewish Leader

Munkacs, March 15.

Dear Brother Smith:—

Once again it is in order for us to write: "Still safe and very happy serving our blessed Lord who bought us with His own precious blood on Calvary's Cross."

As this is written the world is rocking in bewilderment. Yesterday there was machine gun and cannon firing going on in and around our city. The shooting began in the early hours of the morning. It is said that the soldiers here have advanced to the outskirts of the city, where our Brother Faulkner and Brother Gers are now located.

As it is reported that there are many killed and wounded, we are praying for the safety of our friends. Schools are closed and business is at a standstill. Many are fearful of what the future holds. Yet in all this we have perfect peace in our Lord and praise Him for every opportunity He gives us to witness.

During the time of heavy cannon firing yesterday afternoon I went to visit a Jewish home. To my surprise I found a goodly number of young Jewish men who were listening to the radio for the latest news of the battle that was round about us. They were all men learned in the Hebrew as well as in several other languages, including a fair knowledge of the English. They said that I was lucky in that I had a United States passport. I explained that I had one even better than that, a passport to heaven.

As news came in over the radio that Germany had been asked to help the Slovaks several of the men became frightened, as they belong to those parts. As the Word of God was opened, all interest in the news was lost and the radio was shut off. The way of life was made plain as more young men came in. The Hebrew and English Bibles which I had with me were read with much interest. I had them read portions showing their lost and undone condition, that they were unable to save themselves; that God had provided a way of salvation in believing on Jesus Christ as sin bearer. All were good listeners. All were able to read the original Scripture. All were most grateful for the Word,—yet none made an open profession of faith, though practically, all had accepted the doctrine of the triune nature of God, the deity of Christ, the virgin birth, and His death and resurrection.

I had the privilege of witnessing to the group from early afternoon until about eleven o'clock at night. While I was there, Mrs. Miller was dealing with a Jewish man at our home for two hours. She witnessed to him, telling of her conversion; showing him Zech. 12:10. He said that it was merely a play on words. In reply to Psalm 22, he said if King David was referring to Jesus Christ that David should have been put to death as Christ was.

This man has been dealt with for about a year now and seems to be further away from accepting the Lord than ever, yet we have prayed for his conversion almost every day and we are not giving him up as impossible.

The night previous I had a most bitter battle with the same man in my home. Nothing seems to pull me down in strength like these personal contacts. Last night when I returned from my visit with the young men my head seemed to be as big as the dome of the City Hall, and did it ache! Not because the conversation had lasted for seven hours, but because of the opposition.

The day before I had dealt with the Rabbi of Munkacs for only one hour; yet that one hour was more tiring than yesterday's seven. This has been going on now steadily day in and day out. At times I promise myself a vacation for several days in which I might attend to my much neglected correspondence, but the Lord just picks me up out of what I am doing and leads me out to deal with some one. This very thing happened yesterday. In fact, I started to write this letter yesterday while we were in the midst of cannon shots.

But the Lord picked me up and brought me into the Jewish house mentioned above. Needless to say, yesterday's letter is no longer news, and so instead of finishing that which I had started, I began a brand-new one. The latest news is that there is no longer any Czechoslovakia; nor are the Hungarians progressing in their desire to get back the land to the north. Every available man in town is being armed and sent to strengthen the new borders. What may happen in the very near future we do not know, but we shall continue to work as though each day were the last.

The hour spent in dealing with the Rabbi may be of interest to our faithful prayer warriors, for it is by their prayers that we are able to open our mouths and preach Christ crucified. The contact was made at the market place. It is wonderful to observe how the Lord knows the best time and place. Many Jews have often said that I should talk to this Rabbi, but I was never led of the Spirit to pay him a visit. It would look nice on paper to say that I visited this great man or that synagogue, but if one is not led to go, — it is folly to go in one's own strength. And that brings us back to the blessed truth that it is written, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and not *successful* servant.

As long as a child of God has presented himself to be used of the Lord, he can rest, knowing that when the proper time comes the Lord will do with him. The following will better explain:—

The Rabbi stopped me and asked me many questions about my family history, etc. A group gathered around to see what would happen to the Missionary after the Rabbi got through with him. When I had answered his many questions he wished me "luck." I told him that the word "luck" was not written in the Holy Scripture; God does not offer luck, but blessings. He then offered to wish me a blessing. I told him that since God had taken away the Temple man could not be a mediator between God and man, and furthermore that he could not give me that which he himself did not have. Then he offered to ask God to help me. I told him that God does not help me; that God does it all. He said that this was beautifully spoken and wished that many would come to this realization.

Soon afterward he said his profits were very poor and that I should help him with money; that he had had no breakfast nor dinner. I told him that, as he claimed to be a servant of God, going God's way, that God has promised to supply all his needs. If he was in need, he must call upon God and not beg from a strange man on the street.

He quickly quoted in Hebrew Deut. 15:7: "If there be among you a poor man of one of your brethren, then shalt thou not harden thine heart nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother." Hence I must give him money. I told him the verse did not permit him to beg; that the following verse showed that Moses is dealing with the question of lending, and is thus warning against being *cautious in lending* to poor because of the commandment regarding the year of release mentioned in verses 1-6 of the same chapter.

Then I told him that his breath smelled strongly of whiskey; that the price of one drink of whisky would buy two pounds of bread. I told him that if one can obtain whisky he is not in great need of bread. Quickly he assured me that he did not pay for the whisky, but while visiting the home of a newly married couple they had given him the drink.

I said that he could have told his host that he was hungry and in need of bread, they would have fed him. I told him that when a drunkard asked me for money I usually had nothing for him, and that he had spoken like one who was drunk.

The Rabbi said that I was a Jew hater; that I did not keep the Law because I removed my beard; that he was a righteous and holy man. I quoted Ps. 14:2, 3, and said that the Word of God showed him to be a lost sinner in God's eyes, and he being a sinner and God being holy, he was cut off from God, dead to God, lost to God, and without hope. He then ran away, which caused the crowd to have a hearty laugh. But he was not to be out done.

He managed to meet me in another section of the market place, where he tried to raise the sympathy of others by yelling aloud that I was a Jew hater and did not keep the Law. One man answered him very sharply, saying:—

"Rabbi, you had better leave this man alone. He is more religious than you ever thought to be. He has done more for the Jews here than any one else. Would to God we had more like him here."

I then told the Rabbi that his claim of keeping the Law was not true, for it is written (Numbers 28:9) that two lambs must be slaughtered for the Sabbath. This he does not do, hence he does not keep the Sabbath. Likewise, at Passover one lamb must be sacrificed; nor does he keep the Day of Atonement, when two goats are to be sacrificed besides the other offerings.

The Rabbi then began to enumerate all the things which he had done that day as a pious Jew. He had prayed that day in the synagogue for several hours; said morning prayers; was in the ritual bath early in the morning, etc., etc. I told him that it is written to offer a lamb at morning prayers, and since he had failed to offer the lamb, he did not have morning prayers. No lamb; no prayers.

I told him that it is no where written in the Word of God concerning the ritual bath. He replied that it was in the Talmud. I told him that it was not written in the canonized books of the Old Testament. He claimed that what the holy wise men wrote is the Word of God, and called upon his audience to uphold him in that statement.

I told him that God never made those men holy; that they themselves did not claim to be holy; that they never claimed to have been inspired of God; that men of recent years have made them holy; yet never once do they say "Thus saith the Lord," but merely say, thus says this or that rabbi. Nor does one of those so-called holy writers ever prophesy, and so they cannot be proven to be prophets by their writings.

When our Rabbi friend once more claimed that he keeps the Law, I offered to have him come to our home, and that I would show him how he does not keep the six hundred and thirteen points of the Law, nor does he keep the Ten Commandments, nor does he even keep one of the Ten Commandments,—and off he ran.

Please pray for this man's salvation, as well as for the others mentioned. Please pray that we may be emptied of self; that we may know where the Lord would have us. Please pray for the workers in Bustino and Swalawa. Please pray that we may continue to build up the young converts here, that they may be used of the Lord in their own circle of life in winning many precious souls for Jesus. Praying that this finds all in the office well and strong, rejoicing in the Lord, I close with love from Mrs. Miller and myself. Yours by grace.

RUDOLPH MILLER.

Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the Name of the Lord our God.—Ps. 20:7

OUR ALBANIAN WORKERS

Written Before the Italian Troops Took Over the Country

Kortcha, Albania, March 17.

Dear Mr. Smith:

A friend had asked me to write up some of our recent village experiences, and I complied with his request. It occurred to me later on that you might want to use the same material, either as one article or in several installments in the *European Harvest Field,* so I'm sending it on to you to use as you see fit.

Yesterday spelled the end of Czechoslovakia, and one can't help but wonder what the next big step will be. The minorities had their rights, and I suppose it was natural for them to demand them, but their condition under the new order will scarcely be improved. Karl Faulkner and the Lukesh family will doubtless suffer. But we can pray in these days that yet remain.

A. W. KONRAD.

VILLAGE VISITS

Modernism has found fertile soil in Albania. So long under foreign bondage, this small kindom felt itself dazed by the new freedom suddenly realized. But not for long. With a genuine zeal, patriots set out to reorganize and reestablish, and the visitor cannot help but be impressed with the material progress that has been made. Nevertheless, much of the old remains; and it is in the villages of Albania, some readily accessible by motor roads, others hidden among the mountains and valleys, that one meets the Albania of yesterday. And, after all, it is the Albania of yesterday that intrigues and fascinates the foreigner, because the Albania of today, patterned after the more progressive life of the surrounding world, has lost much of its distinctiveness.

It is among these villages that we have visited recently, not to investigate customs and sights, interesting as they are, but to make known to villagers who are only partially literate the message that is old and yet ever new — the message of release from sin through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We must say, at the very outset, that it is a new work, and that we are as yet altogether inexperienced in it. Certain improvements, especially as regards transportation, have been recognized from the start, but we are waiting on the Lord for His time to provide the necessary means.

One of our first visits was in November to a village famed for its altitude and agreeable climate in summer. With a small bag apiece, in which we carried tracts and Scripture portions, Ligor (one of our young native colporteurs) and I started off on our twenty kilometer hike. Kortcha is in a high altitude, but this village is even higher, and to reach it one must climb considerably. Up and up we went, on winding roads along and over the mountains, until we reached the summit, from which we descended to our destination in a short time. We were at once accosted by the gjendarm of the post, who asked our business and our permit to sell Scriptures. One's inner nature rebels at so much formality, especially when one is called upon to climb a steep hill to present credentials, as was the case here. but a servant of Christ must needs be subject to the civil powers — and gladly so.

We proceeded at once to find the head man of the village to arrange for a hall of some kind where a meeting could be held. Schoolhouse? No, because that would require government permission, and the Kommune officials were away. Store? There really was no store of any suitable size. And why did we want to sell books and speak anyway, since some one had been there in summer to sell books (one doesn't discriminate here) and no one would buy!

All in all, the well-dressed, intelligent head man gave us no encouragement, not even inviting us in. But was there no other place where men of the village met? Oh, yes, they went to the coffee house. And so to the coffee house we went, too. If the atmosphere was not too friendly, the fire at least cheered us and livened our spirits. Where to begin? Here one begins by answering questions! And they came thick and fast. "Who are you?" "What is your business?" "How much salary do you get?" "Why do you come here? Don't you know we're all Orthodox?" etc., etc. But one learns to be patient. And soon all the men, including those playing billiards and cards, knew all about us.

We spoke to one or two nearest us, and prayed God for a larger opportunity in that place. Yes, they are all Orthodox, and some are even religious. *But they lack Christ. They lack life!* Late that afternoon, we found an acquaintance, who showed us his home, invited us in for a cup of Turkish coffee, and returned to the coffee house with us. The young owner was very kindly disposed to our suggestion that we speak briefly to the men there, and so we laid out the various portions of the Albanian Scriptures and began. "Sh — sh —", said one or two around me, and cards and billiard cues were laid down. It is in situations like this that one thanks God for a living Christ and a practical message. Pulpit eloquence may sway crowds of churchgoers, but these men would never listen to it. We spoke of God's plan of salvation, using the Wordless Book to illustrate our message, then thanked them for this opportunity, and offered to answer questions they might wish to make privately. Many came to the Scripture display, and some purchased. But questions? "What about suicides?" "Are they forgivable?" "What about fasting?", and a lot of others, not one

demonstrating a conviction of sin and personal need.

We were not invited to share the comforts of a home, so arranged for a bed in the hotel upstairs, used only in summer. We could buy bread and sardines here and that, with tea, made up our supper. It was cold in our room, so we went to bed immediately. And all night it rained.

The next morning was foggy and cold. Up rather early, we started off for a nearby village, stopping to breakfast on a few nuts and the bread left over from the trip. It was less than an hour's walk, so we didn't mind the mud and mist on the way. But what were we to find here? We knew no one. We found the head man in his little store and hoped for some opportunity to open the Word there, but he was as cold as the weather — and more cynical. We stayed and talked for two hours (one doesn't rush here) but saw that he was immovable. Here there was not even a coffee house, but we found a tailor shop where men of the village are wont to gather, and there we entered into conversation. Dinner time came, and the wife of the tailor brought dinner — but not for us. Ligor overheard her remark to her husband, "These are bad fellows."

Here we made bold to ask whether we could not speak to the group that would come later on, and if there were not some place where we could spend the night, but there was only a blank stare and a shrug of the shoulders for an answer. We were beginning to discount some of the tales of Albanian hospitality we had heard. Ligor said to me afterward that it was "turp" (shame) to act as they did. But we could not force the issue. Out we went then, and tried to buy some bread and cheese to eat on the way. Here again we were questioned and rudely spoken to (the news of our coming had spread quickly), but we got our bread and cheese!

Another hour's walk, and we were in another village. Here the head man curtly told us that there was no place available for a meeting, and that we *might* find a room for the night if we looked for it. We weren't worried about the room for the night, but we *did* want an opportunity to make known the claims of our Saviour. Some young men at the village store questioned us about our "heretical" teachings, about our connections with America, etc., but left with sneers. "Surely", they reasoned, "you are getting a fat salary. That's why you have come here." If they only knew!

We were alone again. It was getting dark, and it was beginning to rain. We were walking slowly down the street when a young shoemaker called us in. There, watching him cobble shoes while we warmed ourselves, we told him of our mission. He was very friendly, and invited us to supper. There six of us sat cross-legged on the floor and all ladeled out of the same dish — and enjoyed it. After supper we had the opportunity we longed for, not before a large gathering, but in a family circle, to witness to His marvelous grace. Much of it was a new story to them, and they scarcely took it in. Can we know now that sins are forgiven? Can we be saved without works? And is Christ really coming again? Late into the evening we opened the Word to them, illustrating it with our own experiences. The old mother shook her head. The young wife smiled and said nothing. But the young cobbler and his brother were serious. Great decisions are not easily made, and these two were deep in thought. Will you pray that the Spirit will remind them of their need until they will receive by faith the only Remedy?

That night we were taken, like honored guests, into the special room where they had spread the bedding on the floor for us. Next morning it was still raining, so we lingered. There, around the fireplace, we listened to some of their family joys and cares. The sky cleared, finally, and we left, but not before our kind hostess had packed some home-made bread into our bags. We found the wind and mud real obstacles, but kept going in the direction of D ....., the first village we had visited two days before, for that was the only passable way back home. Half an hour away, the clouds let out their fury on us and it *rained*. Then it snowed. And by the time we got to D ..... we were drenched to the skin.

Once more we sought shelter in the coffee house, but this time we were no more among strangers. What a difference that makes! Our going there had been of the Lord, for we were immediately drawn into conversation with two men, one middle-aged and meditative, the other young and impulsive. They had been thinking of our message. What about creation? Why did sin exist, anyway, if God hated it? Why should we have to suffer for inherited sin, etc. . . . For two hours, while we steamed and dried next to the stove, we witnessed and answered questions. As yet no recognition was made of personal need, but minds were exercised. Oh, that God would break down the last remaining wall!

"You aren't going back today, are you?" was what we heard when we made ready to leave. "It may rain again, and there's much mud." But we had no alternative. We couldn't stay over night again in the hotel, and we wanted to be here the next day. "He's just like Mr. Kennedy", I overheard, "rain or shine, he was always on the go." And so, chuckling over this tribute to the pioneer American missionary who still is here to help, we started off. A short visit to Ligor's aunt in a village on the way, four hours of brisk walking, some of it in the dark, and — home.

These are the experiences of only one week's work among villages. Perhaps we shall tell you of a trip among Moslem villages later. We hope to go back to this section again after we have visited all the remaining villages in the Kortcha area, this time to spend a few days in the first village, possible with Mrs. Konrad and the baby in summer.

ARTHUR W. KONRAD.

BROTHER McGAW REACHES AFRICA

Author of "Praying Hyde" Finds Prayer Opportunities in Nairobi

It would be next to impossible to relate all the interesting events of the 37 days from New York to Nairobi.

But there is one incident it seems profitable to tell about. It happened at seven o'clock on the morning before we landed at Mombassa. I had gone with my Bible to the upper Deck at the rear of the Boat. A sailor came with the flag and pulled it up half way. "Half Mast." I said to myself "that means Death. Has any one died on board the ship?" In a few minutes the Captain came leading a young woman who had a large bouquet of flowers in her hand. With them was my cabin-mate. So there were four of us at this impressive ceremony. With his cap in his hand, the Captain gently pushed the young woman to the small platform extending out at the end of the deck. Then she raised her flowers and threw them over the rail into the waves below. She stood back and looked up and her frame was shaken with sobs. After a few moments she looked up and evidently wept again.

The engines were stopped for one minute. In the afternoon I met the Captain and he explained the whole proceeding. He said that a year ago the husband of the young woman died on board another ship and was buried at just about the spot where the flowers were thrown into the sea.

Still wiping her eyes she was led away by the captain and soon the flag was taken down. Then I understood.

As she looked up I wondered if she had a sure hope of meeting her absent companion again. I also remembered that it was written "The sea gave up the dead which were in it." Rev. 20:13. And by the way what secrets are hidden in the depths of the seas.

THE END OF THE LONG TRIP.

The next morning after this sweet memorial occurred on the ship the 9th of Feb. we landed at Mombassa.

About four that afternoon we left Mombassa for the wonderful railroad ride to Nairobi, four hundred miles inland and five thousand feet upland.

This railroad is a wonderful feat of engineering. The curves and ravines and grades are overcome in a remarkable manner.

After sleeping soundly a few hours, I waked just as the day was breaking. I took my place beside a window and watched a glorious sunrise. As the light shone brighter and brighter in the eastern sky the sun soon came up in splendor over Africa's hills and mountains and I prayed: "Oh, that the Son of Righteousness might arise with healing in His wings over the mountains and shadowy valleys, where now ignorance, superstition and crime prevail in this dark, dark land."

About eight on Friday morning, Feb. 10th, we arrived at the beautiful city of Nairobi. As I stood beside my baggage on the platform I looked up toward the roof and said: "Now, Lord I am here. I do not know which way to turn or where to go." I had expected to go at first to the Salvation Army, but found out that they were full up. A taxi driver offered to take me to a good place. I thought I can go there for three days. I arrived at the Gloucester Hotel, where I am writing these lines.

Most of the people here are English and have Government jobs. My special friend is manager of the railroad shops, which includes a large saw mill where they saw great mahogany logs from Uganda. This friend has introduced me to many of the leading Christian workers of the city.

God surely has guided me to this place as my dwelling place. And now I am praying for a revival to sweep through this city in the power of the Holy Ghost. Last Sunday afternoon, I met with eight other men who seem to be of a like mind with myself and who are praying for such a blessing on Nairobi. I am encouraged and I pass on the challenge — can we here and you yonder so prevail with God (as Jacob did when he said "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me.") Surely the need is great! Mombassa is said to be the gate to Equatorial Africa. I shall say that Mombassa is the lower gate, but that Nairobi is the upper gate. Oh that from this city set in the mountains of Kenya, might go forth scores, hundreds — may I say it? *Thousands* of Spirit-filled Evangelists into the Sudan and Congo white harvest fields.

Of Jesus it is written: "When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them. . . . Then said He unto His disciples: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."—Matt. 9:36-37-38.

Dear Readers: I thank God for you all who have helped by prayer, by gift or by encouraging words. God has been with me in a wonderful way. Above all I thank God for sending me into the land of Livingston and hundreds of other Missionaries. Till we meet on earth if it be God's Will — or up yonder if not on earth.

"Oh! Lord, Revive Thy Work." Hab. 3:2.

I am sure with the limited knowledge I already have of this city of Nairobi, there are at least a few born again believers here and that it is in order to cry, "Oh Lord revive Thy work in Nairobi!" A revival means a

renewing of the life that already exists.

But whatever the situation, God is still in the Soul-winning business. The Blood of Calvary has never lost it's Power! The Blessed Holy Spirit has not gone off on a prolonged vacation. Here in this city are many English people who know from their records of the power of John and Charles Wesley and Whitefield and others who by God's help stirred dear old England. Here are Germans of the country of brave old Martin Luther and who know also of how practically the whole world has been stirred by the prayers of Count Zinzendorf and the Moravians.

There are not many Americans in Nairobi, but God willing, there will be one American, who has known D. L. Moody, Dr. Wilbur Chapman, R. A. Torrey and many others. This present writer believes in Revivals!

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10.

During the two years in which Miss Christoffersen and I worked together in Warsaw, Poland, it was our purpose and prayer to make our work purely and exclusively Spiritual—to use only the Word of God and prayer.

And a dear Missionary who has visited the major Mission fields of the world said that the work in Warsaw was "the most distinctly Spiritual of any that she knew of."

The Gospel is still the power of God unto Salvation and we tested it and proved it to be true in Poland! Your worker in Africa.

FRANK A. McGAW.

AFRAID TO DIE AN ATHEIST

The French author Lavredan, long known as an atheist, when confronted by the horrors of the World War made this gripping confession: *"I laughed at faith and thought myself wise. Finally this laughter became hollow and vain for I saw France bleeding and mourning. What would become of France if her children did not believe, if her women did not pray? Oh, a people whose fields are covered with the dead. How difficult it is to remain an atheist on this national cemetery! I cannot, I cannot, I have deceived myself and you who have read my book. It was a delusion, a giddiness, an evil dream. I see death and call for life. Hands equipped with weapons make death; folded hands bring life. France, turn back to faith, to forsake God means to be lost! I do not know whether I shall live tomorrow, but I must tell my friends, Lavredan is afraid to die an atheist. I am not afraid of hell, but the thought impresses me, God lives and you are so far from Him. Rejoice, my soul, that I have been permitted to experience the hour when, on my knees, I can say, I believe, I believe in God. I believe, I believe—that word is the matin hymn of humanity. For him who does not accept it, it will soon be night."*—Lutheran News Bulletin.

MISSION WORK IN POLAND

Mlynow, Poland, March 6.

Dear Brother in Christ Jesus:—

I was very glad to receive your recent letter, and we praise the Lord for His care of you in the time of illness and for restoring your health. Blessed be His Name!

We are praying for your journey to Europe and will be very glad to meet you here. May the Lord help you in all your preparations for that trip and bless you according to His promises: "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and even for ever more."—Ps. 121:8.

The Lord keeps us under His wings and blesses us in His work. Some time ago I received a good parcel of Jewish literature from Brother Karl Faulkner (Warsaw), and a few small parcels from England, especially Hebrew New Testaments. My wife, who is more acquainted with the Jews in our town, distributed these New Testaments and a good part of the tracts among the Jews, who were willing to receive and read them. There is a very great change among the Jews toward the Gospel. Several years ago only some young Jews liked to read it secretly and sometimes also Christian tracts (like Nicodemus), but now they almost all, young and old alike, receive all with thanks and read Christian literature openly. I do not mean that they are willing to believe on Jesus Christ as their Messiah, but they have now turned their faces toward Him and made a step nearer. Praise the Lord! His coming is at hand!

Last month I was present at a wedding about 40 klm. from Mlynow. On such occasions we always have a good opportunity to speak about the Lord to some people who would never come to a meeting or any other place where the Gospel is preached. There was a wedding also in our hall on February 18th, and on that day our English brethren McGregor and Stephenson visited us and we had three very blessed meetings with them.

I thank you for your loving gift of $15 which I received. May the Lord reward all those who gave it as for His cause. There is another thing about which I wrote to you some time before. The new translation of the New Testament with Psalms is ready and will be issued very soon for selling. It would be very good if I would have the possibility to get on credit two hundred copies for selling. The money would be returned later after selling to the British and Foreign Bible Society, which is doing the printing. We greet you all in the name of our blessed Lord and Saviour. Yours in the name of our blessed Lord and Saviour, "in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the spirit." Yours in the Master's service.

JOHN GORDIUK.

MISSIONARY NEWS FROM ALBANIA

Crowded Out of Previous Issue, But Still Important to Praying Friends

Albanian Evangelical Mission
Kortcha, Albania, Europe
January 27th, 1939

Dear Friends abroad:

We didn't realize that we had been so tardy in writing until a number of friends started inquiring about our condition as a result of the war scare. We have been in a constant whirl since we last wrote. But read for yourself.

On December 20 we welcomed Mr. Parragh, of the Hungarian Reformed Church, to the Mission. His aim is to study the language and conditions of the country, later to decide on independent work in another section. Pray as to a possible connection with the Mission for him in these important months.

The arrest of the four young men of whom we wrote caused a wave of excitement, not only for them, their families and us, but for the general public as well. For three days they were kept in the local police station, then taken to Tirana, the Capitol, under police guard, and turned over to authorities who kept them for two weeks (one day in a windowless room), and later conditionally released them, with orders to remain in Tirana for two months, find work, and report daily at headquarters, all without any formal charge against them — a very mysterious procedure. All but one were in Mission employ as colporteurs, so they merely transferred their activities to their new "home" for the period. Thus, once more, God used "the wrath of man to praise Him" to the extent of distributing a large quantity of Scripture portions.

But *why* were they thus seized? We're wondering, too. Various false charges were intimated by minor officials: That they were being proselyted with money, that they were causing a division in religious circles, etc., but when Mr. Jacques finished interviews with the highest officials directly under the King he was convinced that the affair was not instigated by the government but rather by other forces. Nothing could be done, however, to lift the internment order. And the reply to the Mission's petition was vague enough to leave us still in doubt. The interviews clearly showed, however, the government's susceptibility to those other forces, and its unwillingness to allow the *practice* of religious freedom *theoretically* granted by law. Baptism of the three young men has been definitely forbidden, although our freedom to preach has not yet been questioned. With this new obstacle, the formation of an indigenous church is further postponed, but we are not resigning ourselves to discouragement.

Fortunately for us, our European friends have not yet decided to appropriate Albania. We were warned to be ready to leave on short notice during the recent war scare, but trouble was averted. And we're isolated enough and unimportant enough to keep out of at least the preliminaries of any European tussle. But this is no time to boast of security. The minorities problem in several countries adjoining and near ours is major enough to cause unrest. Strangely enough, we depend on the U. S. papers for accurate news, because of the strict press censorship here.

If you hear "Halloo, Halloo Tirana!" over your radio one of these days, you'll know it's Albania broadcasting over its new forty meter short wave station. Radio sales have increased tremendously during the past two years, and the new station will be an excellent means of education, entertainment and propaganda. The Jacques share their radio with us occasionally, so that we won't lose our touch with the outside world.

The older converts' class finished its course of instruction under Mr. Jacques, but my two classes of younger folks, begun later, are continuing. Some are laying hold more and more; several are drifting. There's so much to hinder these young people from a full identification with Christ in a new life. Christmas caused a spurt in Sunday School attendance (children are the same the world over) but now we're back to normal.

A German evangelist friend visited us and conducted special meetings for several days in October. Language was a barrier, but Mr. Cheno interpreted well, and the many who came to the meetings indicated at least an interest in the good messages. And we have just completed a week of prayer, with meetings every evening. If the blessings had not reached beyond the Mission premises (and they did) we would still be thankful for that week, for as always "prayer changes things".

Winter did not put an end to village work by any means. Thus far, rain and mud have been the chief obstacles, but we have left the more accessible villages until now, so that we could continue even after more snow has fallen. It has been most interesting work, requiring both boldness and reserve. It has brought us into contact with all sorts of people, and has given us opportunities for witnessing possible in no other way. Large meetings are usually out of the question, since most of the villages have no large room for such a gathering, and since the government forbids the use of school buildings for our meetings, but informal meetings in coffee houses or in homes, with five to forty men present, have been the entering wedges to many communities. Mr. Cheno, accompanied by Nasi, has worked among the nearby villages, while Ligor and I have been going out for two, three and four-day trips, mostly on foot. Our experiences present sharp contrasts: One district official barked at us as though we were strange dogs, but his successor

only yesterday invited us to an hour's conference. Some villages have refused us impolitely, others have warmly welcomed us. We have had to leave some villages without an offer of even a crust of bread, others have brought us the best they had. We have slept in the guest room of the village land-owner, and again with four families in a mud-floored, one-room house, where the smoke from the open fire (a large hole in the ceiling served as chimney) was so intense that we had to cover our faces with towels so as to breathe when we laid down to sleep. Living with the people has awakened a new understanding of their problems and needs. How good it is to know that we have the answer—Christ. If they would but receive Him!

The high point of our experiences thus far was the recent conversation with an elderly man in a nearby village. We would never have met him (for we were in a hurry to get to a more distant village) had not our curiosity about a certain building led us to wait for this man, then approaching the road from a field, to ask him about it. How marvelously the Lord guides in *all* things! It was an opportunity to give him a tract and that led to further conversation. Two hours passed by before we finally left him. He has read much of the Bible, but has never laid hold of the salvation the Bible so graciously offers. Over and over again we read with him, out there on the road, the provisions of the Lord's offer. Never have I seen a man so evidently under conviction of the Holy Spirit. We had to leave him, finally, but have been back for another visit. It's still too much for him to grasp. So near, and yet outside! Pray for him, will you? He can yet become a trophy. He was a student in the Moslem seminary.

Bajram has visited us several times recently, when his interest in English led him to study the Bible. Later, he met the Kennedys, who helped him to see more clearly some of the great truths of salvation. We met him when we first came here, but his military training took him elsewhere until recently. We cannot help but feel that his experience has been genuine, and that he is a born-again believer. He, also, faces great temptations.

Mother has about decided that a baby can be an occupation. Raymond has been a great joy to both of us, just in the time we needed him most, and he has been altogether true to his name — a little *ray* of sunshine. He's five months old, weighs sixteen pounds, and is every inch a boy.

I have just returned from the local police station with a permit to live in Kortcha for another year. That's cause for unusual rejoicing, as you will recognize if you have been following current European missionary history. On every hand we are reminded that we are but pilgrims, and that the time may be short. Nor do we rebel at those reminders. We, with many of you, have been born into a new family (John 1:12) and have been granted a new citizenship (Eph. 2:19); we have felt the quickening of a new life within us, the pull of a new love before us, and we realize that we are not of this world (John 15:19). God is pleased to keep us here as witnesses to his grace and power, but this world is not our goal. Perhaps our plea for the New Year could be no better expressed than has been done in the poem written by the mother of one of our Wheaton class-mates:

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

God give me back the pilgrim's vision
The tender longing
That so often filled my soul.
I am too much at home
On earth, I fear,
Too satisfied. My heavenly goal
Seems dim and far away
And I am glad to stay
To work and rest down here.
Oh God, give back to me
The pilgrim's vision,
That "at home" feeling in the thought:
To be with Thee.
Life has been kind
Thy world with beauty and with wonders filled
Has my heart thrilled,
Still
God give me back the pilgrim's vision.
I do not want to be
Too earthbound, Lord,
I want to dwell
In Thee.

Rachel Jacobson

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR, JEAN and
RAYMOND KONRAD

A Christian Congregation
in Krakow, Poland

DR. EWKE WRITES FROM JAFFA

News From Our Medical Mission and Free Clinic to Jews and Arabs

Jaffa—Tel Aviv, March 12.

Dear Brother Smith:—

Thank you most heartily for the remittance which I have received for the Clinic expenses and for myself. We are all expecting your coming here and we wish most fervently that it may happen in the very near future. Let me say most seriously that it will in any event be very good if you will visit us and see the work and then tell about it in the United States.

But, as I wrote before, it will be wise for you to come before the month of June, for the heat here in May is already very intense. And may we hope that the expected nurse about whom you wrote in your letter of January 10th, if all goes well, should arrive within the *next few weeks,* either before you go on into Palestine, or else come with you. I need not to repeat once more that the enlarged work needs more workers, and the nurse, Miss A. Dosik, though she is working very hard and energetically, has not sufficient time to treat all the patients who come to our Clinic for help during the "acceptance" hours; the work must go on here at the same time in three separate rooms.

The need for another nurse is very urgent, and I beg you most fervently to make every effort that the coming of the nurse may not be delayed, so that she would start for Palestine *immediately.*

(What shall we do about this urgent request from Dr. Ewke? Miss Haley has been ready to go ever since last April.—Editor.)

We praise the Lord that He enables our young caretaker (he is also a student at the Technical School in Tel-Aviv) to be a faithful witness among the numerous patients at our Clinic. As we say, he is a "tractful" brother, for very often you can see him, loaded with tracts and leaflets, distributing them among those whom he meets. You may be assured that if you will come to our Clinic you will not be able to leave without having received from him a tract or Scripture portion.

Once there stopped close to the front door of our Clinic a military lorry filled with soldiers; they had to wait some time before they could ride on past the barricades of barbed wire erected against the anti-Jewish trouble. As soon as our brother B. Dosik discovered the waiting soldiers, in a moment he was at the lorry, offering them the well-known English tract, "The Reason Why," and then you could see through the windows how the whole lorry reads the tracts. Who knows the ways of God? It may be that He had His plan of salvation in sending these young soldiers from England to Palestine and then to stop them for some moments just in front of our Clinic doorway, that those precious souls might accept from the hand of His servant a booklet and assurance of His forgiving and everlasting love.

The police of our neighborhood know our brother B. Dosik very well, for they have permanent locations watching at the barricades, and there is almost no one among them to whom our brother does not offer a Bible or a tract or enter into conversation with him about Christ. I have myself seen the policeman on his post with the Bible in his hands reading the Scripture very attentively. There are as a rule two watching together, and so when one reads the Bible the other watches his comrade's quiet reading.

We are distributing the Scripture, selling the portions, New Testaments and the Bible itself for a small fee, for we find that it is better that the "owner" of the Bible has paid something for it; then he places a higher estimate on its value than if he received it free of charge.

Our practical nurse, Miss A. Dosik, as I wrote, is working very hard, not only as a nurse, but also as a faithful and experienced missionary among the women patients of the Clinic and the attendants at the Mission Hall "Pennell." She knows Hebrew splendidly, which is unconditionally necessary for the Hebrew work here. As I have informed you, she has only her small allowance of three and a half English pounds monthly. May I ask you to increase her allowance by another pound, for she is really worthy of this. The minimum of a nurse's allowance here is about six pounds per month.

We have distributed by the help of the Lord a great quantity of Scripture, leaflets, magazines in different languages, in Hebrew, Arabic, English, Yiddish, Persian, Russian, etc. Many Jewish parents among the patients are asking for and receiving the Bible for their children, for they as a rule are obliged to study and to know perfectly the Old Testament. But we offer them the Old and New Testaments together in one binding, so the young souls have the opportunity to learn of Him who on earth so often loved and blessed the little Jewish children of His time.

Mr. Ostrovsky is undertaking this week a missionary journey to some Jewish colonies in the vicinity of Jerusalem, though the traveling in Palestine still remains very dangerous. May the Lord keep him and help him in this service to His glory.

We are very thankful to all of you for the prayers and hope that you will continue to remember before the Throne of Grace the work in Palestine. Yours in Him.

JAMES EWKE.

MISSIONARY IN POLAND

Travels Many Weary Miles to Preach the Gospel to People in Need

Kamenetz-Litovsk, March 2.

Dear Brother Sanctuary:

This is my report for February of 1939. Because of my sickness I spent the first half of the month in Kamenetz-Litovsk. However, I did not keep to my bed all the time and managed to receive callers at home, to go visiting, and to conduct a few meetings. I went twice to the local hospital and had talks with 14 people. Later, with God's help I drove around and visited three places.

On the 19th of February I felt decidedly better and set out to the village of Baranoy, although the roads were in a frightful condition. To my sorrow nobody came to the meeting and I felt sick all over again. I called on two families of believers and then returned to the meeting place, not hoping for much. By and by a few children came in. Soon I counted twenty of them. I decided to make it a children's meeting. At first they were bashful, wouldn't answer my questions and confined themselves to nodding their heads when they'd agree with something. I asked them whether they would like singing better. They thought they would. Since they knew no words of any hymn, I proposed to learn the words first. This we proceeded to do and soon enough we were singing our heads off. When we learned and sang two hymns, I returned to a discussion of religious topics again. This time they were interested and took a lively part in it. We had to stop it though soon after because the adults were beginning to gather. At first only a few stragglers came in but soon the hall was crowded and we had there a very blessed meeting — far beyond my fondest expectations. At the end of it the adults propounded many questions and I tried to answer them to the best of my ability. People lingered on. They wanted me to stay longer, so I remained far into the night.

On the 28th of February the weather was clear and the roads not bad, so I went to the village of Shcherbovo, 8 kilometers away. I visited there two families and led a prayer meeting.

On the 26th of February the temperature was low and the roads froze so that I took it for granted that it would be easy to travel. I was overjoyed thinking that I would have no difficulty in getting to the village of Gory, 9 kilometers away. But I was wrong. For the first few kilometers, on the paved road, I rode my bicycle, but further on the road thawed out and was so muddy that I had practically to carry my bicycle on my back.

I had quite a job in getting to Gory. But there were so many people at the meeting house that, although I was tired as a dog, I was infinitely happy. There were some people from the neighboring villages, too. Later on our choir from the Brest-Litovsk church arrived. They sang and recited some spiritual poems. Many of those who attended were at a protestant meeting for the first time in their lives. They were very attentive and marveled that the believers sang so well. And when they heard the Gospel, it impressed them so much that they hardly could find words to express their feelings. They never heard anything of the kind. They were so enthusiastic about it that they promised to come as often as possible.

"We like your kind of worship better than any other we ever attended!", they were saying. Some of them had tears in their eyes. Although the meeting place was an awfully small and stuffy room, everything went on beautifully. They asked us to sing for them again and again. I went home in the evening and the roads were just as bad as ever, so I had to go through the whole performance again.

All in all, I visited 25 Russian, 6 Polish, 30 Jewish families. I visited 14 sick people. I had 6 revival meetings, 7 prayer meetings, 2 children's, and 1 young people's meeting. I distributed a great deal of religious literature.

Many requests are coming to me to arrange meetings or at least talks with people. It grieves me that I have no possibility to accommodate them. There are so many obstacles. In the light of the Word I realize the importance of my calling and I strive to do everything in my power. But what I am doing is not at all commensurate with the need.

What time was left I spent in calling on people, in receiving visitors at home, and in distributing religious literature. The majority of people around here are of Russian descent and read Russian. Only their children attending schools can read Polish. Nonetheless, we can use only the Polish religious tracts. The police forbid the distribution of religious literature in Russian. We have a great need of the extracts from the New Testament in Polish. We could make much use of them during winter.

It is our duty to bring the souls to Christ. What a joyful work it is and how sad one becomes when there is a desire to do so and no way of doing it. The lack of funds is the main obstacle. I don't have enough to live on. Because of this I often have to neglect God's work so that I may earn some money on the side, just enough to keep the body and soul together. And no sooner I make a little money, I take up my work again.

I am praying my God to show me the way to seek out and lead the lost souls to Christ. Please remember me in your prayers and help me with whatever you can.

(Continued on page 12)

DEALING WITH INDIVIDUALS

Paris, March 13.

Dear Mr. Smith:—

Thanks for the letter received this morning, and for all the good news, encouragement and confidence. As to Poland, I do not feel any inclination or leading from the Lord. No, hard and searching as was the leaving, I am now convinced that the Lord allowed it, and I believe He has something else for me, something I may do here in this land. It was so strenuous always to fear what the Government might do.

Here one feels freer, although one also has to have permission to live and work. I have this morning been in the Police Department and made out an application. They tell me that generally no difficulties are involved for Danish people who have money coming for support.

I would be happy to welcome Miss Miles; it is not so good to be alone,—not Scriptural, either, so I am praying for her needs to be supplied soon. Together we might begin work for the children, girls and also the women. At present I deal only with individual persons. There would be a place for Karl Faulkner also, but if he feels he has place already, we cannot but ask the Lord to bless him there.

Thanks for sending the *European Harvest Field* to Denmark. It will reach such nice ladies; they gave me $25 for the poor in France. I enjoyed reading our magazine myself. We greatly rejoice that two of our precious girls have now left all and begun their training in a home connected with a deaconess house,—Tosia and Esther. They will need much prayer, for the enemy will not leave them alone. Some of the money has been used for their equipment, and all expenses in the future will have to be paid by us, so the money is surely a timely gift.

There are more girls out there waiting for help in securing training for self-support. I am keeping a strict account of it all. The "Million Testament Fund" is sending out Testaments for Jews. Do you think we could get some for France? Sincere greetings to you all.

TORDIS CHRISTOFFERSEN.

HAVING BORDER TROUBLE

Dear Brother Smith:—

Received the $45; thank you very much. Just had an interesting trip and a little inside peek into church government among the Baptist brethren here. Now we are having some more border trouble and all is "strained" here. I'm having a chance to get the Word to a few through believers and personally. Surely a blind, deceived people live in this country,—ready to fall for everything but the Truth! When are you coming over? Any date set as yet? Hope to see you this summer. Greetings in His Name.

KARL FAULKNER.

SOULS READY FOR BAPTISM

Ozenin, Poland, March 7.

My Dear Brethren:—

Greetings in the name of our dear Saviour. May the Lord's rich blessing rest upon you and the work you are doing. I have not heard from the *American European Fellowship* for some time, but I want to write you that I am still alive, with my family. Also I am receiving my little help which you send regularly. Thank you very much for remembrance of me. When I get those 82.50 zlotys every month it reassures me that you are still working in the society and helping us poor missionaries.

I am always trying to do my best for the Lord. The work in Ozenin and around about is going to be this year on my heart as it has been in the years which are past. The Lord's blessing has rested already upon my humble work for the Lord and lost souls. The summer has not yet come, but the gracious Lord has given us already four souls for baptism, and there are some others who desire me to talk with them.

Pray with us for those precious souls, that they may be moved by the Holy Spirit to make a complete decision for the Lord. Even from the Roman Catholic Church two persons have been received for whom we have been praying for four long years that the Lord might save them, and now our prayers have been answered. Praise the Lord!

I want to have the *European Harvest Field* to read. If you have something in your Scripture fund, please send me, for I need some Bibles. Yours in Him.

G. NAZARUK.

MISSIONARY IN POLAND

(Continued from page 11)

Now I must speak of a matter that causes me much chagrin. I mean the problem of building a Prayer House in Kamenetz-Litovsk. The way things are it brooks no postponement. All we could raise among ourselves was 1,000 zlotys; that is one hundred ninety dollars in American money. And we need $2,500 to buy the plot and to build the house. Where and how are we to get the rest of the money? God knows; We put our faith in Him. He alone can do it through His children. We are praying Him to help us build this Prayer Hall, so that more souls could hear the Word and be saved. If there is anything you can do in this regard, I beg you to help us in God's name and for His Cause.

I am praying the Lord to bless abundantly your life and your work for His glory. I am sending you my heart-felt greetings and my best wishes. Yours in Christ.

KONSTANTIN JAROSUK.

THE SOUND OF BATTLE

Bustyahaza, Hungary, March 31.

Dear Brother Smith:

Both of your registered letters with the checks for our allowances received promptly. We are always thankful to God and all our friends for the support that enables us to do the work here among these people, also the gifts for Bibles and spiritual literature.

We were very glad to know that your health is improving and that you are able to make trips and to speak. Thank God! We continually hold you before the Lord in prayer.

We rejoice much in knowing that you had decided to publish our Anna's autobiography with her picture in *"The European Harvest Field"* and make up a folder to be sent to friends. We are praying that the Lord's blessing would be upon this matter and His own will be done.

As you know our Anna was born in U. S. and of course she is an American citizen, but her husband is a citizen of this country now Hungary. Sometime ago we asked the U. S. Consul in Prague if they both could go together to U. S. and he said that they must get the guarantee from someone in America, some individual of good standing or some school to which they wish to go, who can stand for them in a financial way, and that should be approved by the Department of Labor. It would be very good if they could go to U. S. having right to work if necessary. They perhaps could find some work in summer time during their vacation and it would help them some in school. So we will appreciate very much, Dear Brother Smith, if you write to Washington for full information about all this, and perhaps you will find some good friend who can stand for them before the U. S. government so that they could get their visa here to go to U. S.

Two weeks ago when I started to write you a letter I heard shooting out on the street and saw people running away. It was an uprising of so called "cutters," the Ukrainian revolutionists, against the Czech government. A day before there was a terrific battle in Chust, the capital of Carpathian Russia and many were dead. Everywhere was much unquietness, and many lost their lives. In a couple of days the Czech soldiers and all the clerks in government offices ran to Roumania. The Hungarian army came and occupied the Carpathian Russia; the Ukrainian party could not stand against them. So now we are in Hungary, no Czechoslovakia here any more. We do not know yet what the new government will do with us foreign missionaries. We hear that there is freedom for evangelical Christians in Hungary and that the Hungarian Baptists were recognized by the government a long time ago, but the State Greek-Catholic Church is very antagonistic. The priests in some of our places have already begun to threaten us and instigate the police against us. So please pray for us and for all the work here. May the Lord's will be done.

JOHN KOVALCHUK.

CARPATHIAN RUSSIA, HUNGARY

The day was declining toward evening when I, being very tired and exhausted by the long trip on the bicycle, was coming to the town Dulovo. This town was very poor, dirty with very small wooden houses covered with straw. There are a couple of believers and few friends, I stopped on the street thinking where to go. Suddenly I heard a melody of known Gospel song reaching me from a small window of one of these small poor houses. I began to listen more attentively and I heard the words of a very sweet Russian Gospel song the words of which are something like this: "How I love thy mansion, O Lord and the Church of souls redeemed by Christ" — I came closer to that house from which the voice of the song was coming. By the crosses on the walls of that house I saw that it belonged to the Greek Orthodox people. The voice of the song was heard louder and louder. Coming still closer to the window I saw inside of the house a woman doing something and singing heartily and at the same time looking fixedly on the wall. I began to be very anxious to know what was on that wall where she was looking at. I entered the house. The woman was very glad to see me. It appeared that she knew me well. She told me that she had attended one of our meetings and learned to sing that song which she loves to sing it so much. I looked at the wall and saw there a sheet of paper hanging and on it was written with large alphabet that same song. "I love that song so much" she said, "that I always sing it and asked a friend to write it for me so that I could not afford to buy the song books.

I stayed in this town a few days holding meetings at nights. The Lord blessed us richly. The attendance was very good. The people love to sing much and to hear the testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ. They tried to memorize some of the gospel hymns because some of them did not know how to read and others could not afford to buy the song books.

I also visited other towns, and it was not in vain. Everywhere they listened with much interest and asked me to stay with them longer and hold gospel meetings. They ask for New Testaments, they wish to read them. I gave away here 28 New Testaments and three full Bibles. We trust that the Lord will bless the people while they read these books and will open their hearts so that they will accept the Lord as their Saviour. The Lord is calling them unto Himself, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." He calls them even now at this time when everywhere smells so much with gun powder. He is calling these poor people who are living here in these mountains in darkness for many centuries and wishes to give them rest. Him who comes to Christ He in no wise will cast out.

We ask you, dear friends, to pray for us and for this new field where we are labouring that the Lord would help us and bless our work among these people.

JOHN GONAK.

CHRISTIAN WORKERS FOR HIRE

Are You Looking For A Missionary To Support

Plock, Poland, March 13.

Very Dear Mr. Smith:-

Thanks for your good letter, with check enclosed. You will find the vouchers both signed and all is O. K. We have some fifteen Christian workers, men with families, who have to travel and be on the spot, who get from 30 to 35 zlotys monthly. There are university men walking the streets who can preach, and yet money is being wasted instead of hiring them.

I should like to ask you whether the *American European Fellowship* could do anything from our personal income and allowance to the point of complete exhaustion of funds. Could the *Fellowship* help anything or a part or a regular monthly allowance for this purpose? We have nice and lively prayer meetings. One would think that we are on the threshold of an awakening. Just now we have a sick nervous person with us. We pray daily with her. All her physical ills are probably only inward trouble of unrest and dissatisfaction. Daily inquiries by letter and orally come to us. It is a big and thirsty land. The many hopeless and jobless and poor are specially

Young Men in Fred Stettler's Bible Class in Poland—October 1 to Dec. 17, 1938.

in these two matters. I have a man here with three years of university training. He is a Christian man and has been active as a minister of the gospel for 6 years. He has gifts as a writer, speaks three languages and writes them fluently and gives good messages. For months his family is on the point of starvation. I have given him work to translate, quite a pile of best literature into the Polish. He can as a man over forty not get a job anywhere. With some 25 dollars a month he might do very good work.

Secondly, I have now best of Christian tracts and literature to be printed. It would be necessary to have some 500 dollars to print some 100-150,000 best of Christian tracts and pamphlets badly needed. I have supplied funds a constant source of care. Often they sleep in borrowed beds having days with one meal and often that one is lacking. Think once; this former gospel preacher and student of medicine of two European universities is just in exactly the same position.

I am sending you several pictures. One is a Sunday School here at our local church. The other shows a conference of delegates from our churches among whom we labor. It represents the work in which we labor for nearly 12 years. Back of it is the church building or prayer hall here at our local church.

For Miss Christoffersen we have placed two girls into the hospital training course at Lodz. They left two days ago. There is still a fund of 635 zlotys to the credit form the liquida-

tion. In the fund for Radosc there are at present some 300 zlotys left. But I have to pay out some 150-200 wages soon. I shall at some later date furnish you with all the details. We are all fairly well, although minor ills are constant companions. We'll be all well when transformed into His likeness.

In my recent letter I mentioned to you that Radosc will be used during the month of May for a Bible course for sixty men. I have advised Miss Schmidt that she is to be helping in that work . . . We shall for the present make no effort to visit the United States. We shall stay more than ever here as long as we can. If we must leave, then we may return to America.

Just now Mrs. Stettler is at our former place of activity near Lodz. She started there a Women's Society and some 40 to 50 women usually came. Now they invite her at their annual women's day. Here we pray and trust that some 20 to 30 ought to come through to the Lord. They are interested and awakened. All that is needed is the last step across the border line.

The young people's meetings usually show a good attendance, 60 to 100, Sunday evenings. Saturday a girl dropped into my study to get a book to read. I looked at her and said: "Are you happy?" She started to weep, and a few minutes later we were on our knees and she gave her heart to Christ. She is not the only one. There are many who seek the Lord. This week we evangelize daily in a neighboring village.

Now I must close. I have more than an hour's run on my bicycle to the village yet to make and I usually return near midnight. Wish I might some day be able to get a small motorcycle. I am always completely exhausted from perspiration and the terrible roads. Wishing you God's blessing.

FRED STETTLER.

MISS HALEY STILL IN AMERICA

Just why prayer has not been answered in behalf of Miss Haley's going out to Palestine to help Dr. Ewke we do not know. But the need for her services is so urgent that Dr. Ewke has written again asking for immediate action.

Are there not a few more readers of the *European Harvest Field* who will share in Miss Haley's support to the extent of $1.00 or more monthly? She will be a missionary in every sense of the word, being not only a trained nurse of high standing and large experience but also a graduate of Moody Bible Institute.

Have you a substitute anywhere on the mission field? Is any one working in your place? Here is a young woman who desires to give herself, and she is asking you to give a few dollars in the other side of the scale. How little that is compared to the all she is willing to give. Please take your pen right now and tell the *American European Fellowship,* 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., that you would like to have fellowship with Miss Haley in the land where Jesus did so much for you and in the very city where Peter raised up Dorcas by prayer and where he lived so long in the House of Simon the Tanner.

FILLING MANY ENGAGEMENTS

Rev. Charles and Edna Lukesh, who left Czechoslovakia two days before it fell into the hands of the German troops, are speaking nearly every evening and two or three times on Sunday. They were sixteen years in the field and their messages are filled with interesting results of faithful ministry.

These missionaries will soon be turning their faces toward Chicago, where they hope to attend the Moody Church Missionary Rally the second week in May. They will be glad to

REV. CHARLES LUKESH
Late of Czechoslovakia

speak in as many churches as possible in and around Chicago during the entire month. While no charge is made by these interesting speakers, an offering should be taken to defray their expenses and to help them in the continuation of their work in Europe.

Requests for their services may be addressed to the *American-European Fellowship,* Room 436, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to Moody Church, Chicago, during the Rally.

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1939

21741	$97.50	21795	1.00	21849	1.00	21903	5.00	21957	5.00
21742	1.00	21796	2.00	21850	1.00	21904	50.00	21958	2.00
21743	1.00	21797	50.00	21851	2.00	21905	1.00	21959	2.00
21744	1.00	21798	1.00	21852	20.00	21906	1.00	21960	1.00
21745	1.00	21799	20.00	21853	5.00	21907	30.00	21961	1.00
21746	1.00	21800	5.00	21854	3.00	21908	1.00	21962	5.00
21747	3.00	21801	1.00	21855	10.00	21909	10.00	21963	4.00
21748	5.25	21802	6.00	21856	1.00	21910	5.00	21964	5.00
21749	1.00	21803	5.00	21857	1.25	21911	7.50	21965	10.00
21750	25.00	21804	1.00	21858	5.00	21912	50.00	21966	13.26
21751	6.00	21805	30.00	21859	1.00	21913	1.00	21967	21.00
21752	1.00	21806	5.00	21860	1.25	21914	5.00	21968	22.50
21753	5.00	21807	100.00	21861	5.00	21915	11.00	21969	1.56
21754	1.86	21808	10.00	21862	2.00	21916	11.00	21970	2.65
21755	1.00	21809	6.50	21863	10.00	21917	1.00	21971	1.00
21756	50.00	21810	1.00	21864	5.00	21918	21.05	21972	5.00
21757	2.00	21811	2.00	21865	10.00	21919	3.00	21973	1.00
21758	2.50	21812	4.00	21866	1.00	21920	20.00	21974	5.00
21759	50.00	21813	15.00	21867	5.00	21921	5.00	21975	60.00
21760	1.00	21814	12.50	21868	4.65	21922	5.00	21976	35.00
21761	5.00	21815	60.00	21869	1.00	21923	10.00	21977	5.00
21762	25.00	21816	1.00	21870	1.00	21924	1.00	21978	5.00
21763	1.00	21817	10.00	21871	1.00	21925	10.00	21979	10.00
21764	1.00	21818	5.00	21872	2.00	21926	25.00	21980	3.00
21765	5.00	21819	75.00	21873	1.00	21927	10.00	21981	2.00
21766	2.00	21820	10.00	21874	5.00	21928	1.00	21982	45.00
21767	27.37	21821	9.40	21875	186.50	21929	5.00	21983	5.00
21768	1.00	21822	10.00	21876	4.00	21930	7.00	21984	1.00
21769	5.00	21823	5.00	21877	5.00	21931	12.00	21985	10.00
21770	50.00	21824	10.00	21878	2.00	21932	1.00	21986	5.00
21771	100.00	21825	5.00	21879	2.00	21933	10.00	21987	20.00
21772	1.00	21826	25.00	21880	6.25	21934	100.00	21988	1.00
21773	1.00	21827	35.00	21881	1.00	21935	10.00	21989	1.00
21774	1.00	21828	15.00	21882	60.00	21936	1.00	21990	8.95
21775	50.00	21829	9.20	21883	1.00	21937	2.00	21991	3.00
21776	1.00	21830	1.00	21884	1.00	21938	1.00	21992	5.00
21777	1.00	21831	1.00	21885	15.00	21939	1.00	21993	12.15
21778	1.00	21832	2.00	21886	21.00	21940	1.00	21994	9.57
21779	21.61	21834	5.00	21887	1.00	21941	1.00	21995	3.00
21780	1.00	21833	20.00	21888	1.00	21942	.25	21996	5.00
21781	1.00	21835	3.00	21889	1.00	21943	30.67	21997	80.80
21782	1.00	21836	3.00	21890	1.00	21944	2.30	21998	1.00
21783	1.00	21837	1.00	21891	25.00	21945	5.00	21999	5.00
21784	5.00	21838	45.00	21892	11.25	21946	2.00	22000	6.00
21785	2.00	21839	2.00	21893	1.00	21947	25.00	22001	23.65
21786	2.00	21840	1.00	21894	10.00	21948	5.00	22002	1.00
21787	50.00	21841	100.00	21895	10.00	21949	10.00	22003	1.25
21788	5.00	21844	5.00	21896	1.00	21950	10.00	22004	3.00
21789	5.00	21843	5.00	21897	5.00	21951	1.00	22005	10.00
21790	3.00	21842	1.00	21898	50.00	21952	1.00	22006	2.00
21791	1.00	21845	1.25	21899	4.43	21953	10.00		
21792	40.00	21846	1.00	21900	1.00	21954	3.00		
21793	5.00	21847	2.00	21901	2.00	21955	2.00		
21794	1.00	21848	.78	21902	3.00	21956	25.00		

DONATION BLANK FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

AMERICAN EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Date .....

$ .....

Here is my offering for the support of missionaries working in European countries under your society. Please apply it to the work of.....

..... *in* .....

Name .....

Address .....

And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.
— Matt 24:6:

NATION *against* NATION
KINGDOM *against* KINGDOM

The military, naval and air activities in Europe; the shadows of war clouds, the smoke of little battles here and there, cause the Christian believer to wonder if these are the "beginnings of sorrows" and if the missionaries are about to be afflicted and killed, as Jesus said.

More startling still are His next words in this prophecy: *"Ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake."*

The testimony of our own Missionaries printed in several recent issues of *The European Harvest Field* is in exact harmony with these words. Who could foresee that those in authority would not only turn against all worship of the true God, but also that His followers would be deprived of the right to worship Him or even to meet in His Name? Yet now, "for His Name's sake" there are many who suffer as Christ predicted.

Verses 4 to 14 of the 24th chapter of Matthew certainly do not indicate a converted world — far from it. But by now "this gospel of the kingdom" must have been preached in nearly all the world "for a witness unto all nations." How the whole passage reads on to our present days.

What ought to concern us mightily, if all this is of the present times, is the last phrase of the 14th verse, — *"and then shall the end come"*. If the whole world is about to enter another war, millions of souls will die with no further opportunity to hear the Gospel. Their last chance to accept Eternal Life will be gone. But if this is the "time of the end" the voice of every preacher, every evangelist and every Missionary will be stilled, — not because of death, but because their call has come. "Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb," Rev. 19:9.

If this is truly the final proclamation of the "good news" that the Kingdom is again "at hand" every Christian should be not only upholding the missionary forces of the world by prayer and contribution, but he should be "looking up" and lifting up his head, *"for your redemption draweth nigh."* Luke 21:28.

Oh, if one only knew; if we could be sure, there would be a great emptying of pockets, a transfer of bank accounts to the only place where they would have any future value.

Again the words of Jesus Christ: —

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:
"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal;
"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."
— Matt. 6:19-21